

Missouri Spring

The barge of spring churns
down river, hauling hills
of hackberry and lilac.

The heron and the elk
pause under a prairie of stars,
and the cat has its way
with a rabbit in the grass,
severing the screech of a head
with the certitude of a guillotine.

What remains? Fur patch? Bone?
If I opened my mouth, the robin
of my tongue would sing.

-Richard Long

